

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers lookes,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beate thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowest thou art the Emperesse babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Emperesse eye,
And heere's the Bafe Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-cy'd slave, whether would'st thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, I haue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Emperesse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
I'll vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,

I say thy Childe shall liue.

Aron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,

Thou beleeuest no God;

That graunted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:
Therefore I vge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will,
Aron. First know thou,
I be got him on the Emperesse.

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon.
I was her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and crim'd her as thou saw'st.
Luci. Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming?
Aron. Why she was wastie, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
Aron. Indeepe, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Coddling spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be witness of my worth:
I fray'd thy Brethren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischiefe in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pri'd me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laugh'd so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Emperesse of this sport,
She founde almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forweare my selfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vp right at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnies, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greenes me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euermlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sies stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.
Enter *Emilius*.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luci. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emilius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house,
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Luci. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcius*,
And we will come: march away.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter *Tamora*, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habillament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and *Titus* opens his study doore.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the doore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are decei'd, for what I meane to do,
See here in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou wouldest talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witness this wretched stump,
Witness these crimson lines,
Witness these Irenches made by griefe and care,
Witness the tiring day, and heauie night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Emperesse, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from this infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakfull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cane or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murder or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the soule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:

Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teate them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes,
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares,
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.

And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore call'd so,

Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Emperesse Sonnes they are,

And you the Emperesse: But we worldly men,

Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:

Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,

And if one armes embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,

What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,

Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,

And being Credulous in this mad thought,

Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,

And whilst I at a Banquet hold him sure,

Ile find some cunning practise out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,

Or at the least make them his Enemies:

See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,

Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,

Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,

How like the Emperesse and her Sonnes you are.

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,

Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?

For well I wote the Emperesse neuer wags;

But in her company there is a Moore,

And would you represent our Queene aright

It were conuenient you had such a deuill:

But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,

And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,

And Ile be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,

Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,

For vp and downe she doth resemble thee,

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,

They haue bene violent to me and mine.

cc

Tamora.